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MR. GODDARD'S

ADDRESS,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT HARRISON.

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AN
ADDRESS,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH
OF
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS OF PROVIDENCE,
ON
THE NATIONAL FAST,
MAY 14, 1841.

By WILLIAM G. GODDARD.

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PROVIDENCE, *May* 15, 1841.

SIR: The undersigned, a committee on behalf of the City Council of Providence, tender you their thanks for the appropriate and impressive Address delivered by you, on the 11th instant, in commemoration of the death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late the President of the United States; and, responding to what they believe to be the general sentiment, they solicit a copy for the press.

They have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

THOMAS C. HOPPIN,
THOMAS R. HOLDEN,
E. WADE,
JOSEPH G. METCALF,
ISRAEL G. MANCHESTER,
JAMES M. EARLE,
JAMES C. BUCKLIN,
WILLIAM W. HOPPIN.

WILLIAM G. GODDARD, Esq.,

PROVIDENCE, *May* 17, 1841.

GENTLEMEN: The Address, which I had the honor to deliver before the City Council and the citizens of Providence, on the 11th instant, and of which you have been pleased to request a copy for the press, is herewith submitted to your disposal.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM G. GODDARD.

THOMAS C. HOPPIN,
THOMAS R. HOLDEN,
E. WADE,
JOSEPH G. METCALF,
JAMES M. EARLE,
JAMES C. BUCKLIN, and
WILLIAM W. HOPPIN, Esquires

A D D R E S S.

*Gentlemen of the City Council,
and Fellow-Citizens of Providence :*

THE death of William Henry Harrison, late the President of the United States, has no parallel in the history of our country. Washington died amid the tranquil shades of Mount Vernon, after a life illustrated by the rarest union of heroic and of civic virtue which the world hath yet seen. His illustrious compatriots and successors, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, were permitted, for many years after they had rested from the labors of office, to rejoice in the prosperity of the land over which they had ruled, and, yet more, to rejoice in the power of republican institutions to withstand the trials to which republican institutions are, in an especial manner, exposed. They all died, after having accomplished every object for which, as public men, they had wished to live. Not thus was it with him, the tidings of whose death so recently agitated the hearts of this whole people. He was swept from the earth, in the hour of fresh triumph and joyous expectance,—in the

midst of unaccomplished plans, amid all the ensigns of place and of power; snatched for ever from our sight at the moment when every eye was turned towards him, and before the voice, which he had lifted up in the presence of thousands, had died away upon the ear! What passages of splendor and of gloom in the history of the few last weeks! What alternations of joy and grief have torn the public mind! How many purposes have been broken off! How many hopes have perished! The Angel of Death hath gone up into our palaces, and, as if to give this whole nation a more awful manifestation of his power, he hath smitten down, almost in a night, the chief whom they delighted to honor. The agitation caused by an event so startling, has subsided into the stillness of a contemplative sorrow. The season for absorbing emotion has gone. The season for reflection has come. Let it not have come in vain. Now, in the time of our adversity, shall we not seek to learn the sweet uses of adversity? Shall we not, in dependence upon divine aid, aim to discover and to renounce our sins? Shall we not, in profound humility, supplicate the King of all the earth to look down from the throne of his holiness, in pity, upon us and our common country?

In the solemnities of this day there lieth a deep meaning, which it were well to understand. They are endowed with a moral sublimity which no forms of material grandeur can shadow forth. They appeal to undying principles in the nature of man. They stand in awful relationship to the

attributes of the Eternal. They speak to us, in no earthly tones, of all that scatters light or darkness over the prospects of immortality. What a spectacle have the temples of Christian worship, throughout our land, this day presented ! A whole people, chastened by the recollection of their recent sorrow, and putting aside the interests of daily life, have prostrated themselves before the Almighty, to confess their dependence upon him ; to entreat the forgiveness of all their sins, negligences, and ignorances ; and to commend to his protection the country upon which, in all past time, his richest blessings have been showered. The pulpit, this morning, has been faithful to its high trust. It has addressed to the understanding the most momentous truths, and to the conscience and the heart the most persuasive exhortations in behalf of a better life. We have assembled, this evening, amid the trappings and the suits of woe, not to banish from our minds the high spiritual design of these solemnities, but to blend with them a tribute of grateful homage to the life and character of our departed Chief Magistrate ; not to speak of him as the representative of any particular opinions or interests about which his fellow-citizens are divided, but to speak of him as the President of this Federal Republic ; as a patriot who, when his country claimed his services, was always the last to think of himself ; as a man of tried ability in the conduct of affairs, both civil and military ; but whose noblest distinction, after all, was not so much reach, and originality, and brilliancy of intellectual power, as that higher

wisdom which is the growth of right principles, and direct purposes, and cultivated affections. To more elaborate pens must be reserved that circumstantial narrative of the events of his life, and that accurate analysis of the elements of his character, which his fellow-citizens will not be slow to demand as due to his fame and to the fame of his country. Be mine, however, the humbler task, to glance at passages in his eventful story; and to attract your attention, more particularly, to those of his characteristics which can be contemplated without a jar to the frame of a sorrowful or a devout spirit.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was a native of Virginia—that land so fertile in illustrious names, so allied to our proudest recollections of courtesy and valor, and genius and patriotism. He was born on the 9th of February, 1773, and, as will be seen, not long before that memorable struggle had commenced which ended not, till the thirteen colonies fought themselves into the rank of free and independent States. He descended from ancestors not unknown to fame in the early history of Virginia. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was an eminent patriot of the revolution, and a gentleman of the old school. He occupied several commanding stations, and mixed himself largely with all the great events and stirring interests of his time. In the year 1791 he died, having maintained unforfeited, to the last, his claims to the confidence and favor of his fellow-citizens. Benjamin Harrison was among the intrepid signers of the Declaration of

Independence ; but history assigns to his name a yet nobler distinction, a more consecrated title to immortality, by recording the fact that he was "an intimate friend of Washington."

Young Harrison was committed by his father to the care of Robert Morris, one of the most conspicuous actors in the drama of the revolution—the great financier—gifted with no humble portion of the transcendent genius of Hamilton. To such influences was our late President subjected in the forming stages of his character. His father and his father's friend had perilled all in the cause of freedom. Is it strange that his youthful spirit caught the generous inspiration, and that he was eager to go forth to do and to dare in the service of his country? After completing his academical education at Hampden Sydney College, he directed, under the advice of his friends, his attention to one of the liberal professions. He was reserved, however, for a far different destiny. The Indian tribes on our northwestern borders, who had fought under the banner of England, during the revolutionary war, laid not down the weapons of war when peace was concluded with their civilized ally. True to their instincts, the Indians pushed the work of rapine, and massacre, and conflagration, till the faces of all who lived upon our frontiers gathered paleness. Throughout the whole land, sympathy for the sufferers, and indignation against their ruthless assailants, spread with electric rapidity. Our young student was impatient to engage in the strife. Abandoning his professional pursuits, he rushed, at the early age of

eighteen, from the shades of the academy into the tumults of the camp. In the year 1791, he received from President Washington the commission of Ensign, and, what was yet more grateful to his sensibilities, he was cheered in his romantic enterprise by the approving voice of Washington. Shortly after the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, he reached his regiment, then stationed at Fort Washington, which occupied the present site of the city of Cincinnati. How pregnant with all the elements and associations of romance is this simple fact! What an impressive commentary upon the elastic spirit and the expansive energies of freedom! When Ensign Harrison first passed within her limits, Ohio was a wilderness — Cincinnati but a feeble and obscure settlement! In the progress of a few years, for what is half a century in the life of a nation, Ohio teems with population, and is endowed with all the institutions of cultivated society, with all the faculties of an empire. Cincinnati is the great city of the West, wealthy, enterprising, and intellectual. Yet more; this same Ensign Harrison, after having “achieved the silver livery of advised age,” comes to rule over seventeen millions of people, at the cheering voice of the multitudes who now inhabit the magnificent domain in the defence of which he nerved his youthful arm!

The limits to which this address must be restricted, forbid me to dwell on the early military career of Harrison. He was not slow in establishing an elevated character, as a soldier and a man. The perils and trials, the privations and exposures,

incident to warfare with savages, amid forests and morasses, it would not be easy to exaggerate. None of these things moved him from his settled purpose. His health was delicate, and his friends, apprehensive that he would fall a victim to unwonted trials of his strength, advised him to resign his commission. He refused to abandon the service in which he had embarked. Though removed from the wholesome restraints of public opinion, he yielded not to the seductions of the camp. He desecrated the temple of his immortal spirit, by no profane orgies; and his habits of temperance, thus early formed, were the parent of the health and vigor which blessed him even to the close of life.

Ensign Harrison was soon advanced to the rank of lieutenant. So highly did General Wayne, his commander-in-chief, esteem him for his courage, attention to discipline, and other military qualities, that he commissioned him as one of his aids-de-camp. In his general orders and official despatches, General Wayne, on more than one occasion, had reason to commend the bravery and good conduct of Lieutenant Harrison. The bloody and desperate battle of the Miami, in which the Indians were totally defeated, terminated the war. Soon after this battle, he was promoted to the rank of captain, and was assigned to the command of an important station on the western frontier. As, however, the peace with the Indians allowed him no farther opportunity of serving his country in the field, he, at the close of the year 1797, resigned his commission in the army.

And now begins the civil career of Harrison—that career which, though interrupted by his return to the employments of military life, was destined not to end, till a grateful people conferred upon him the highest honor within their gift.

Immediately after his retirement from the army, he was appointed, by President Adams, Secretary, and, *ex officio*, Lieutenant Governor of the Northwestern Territory. “Here,” says Mr. Cushing,* “in the discharge of the civil duties incumbent on his office, he became intimately associated with the brave and hardy people around him, and learned to understand, and duly estimate the character, wants, and wishes of his countrymen—studying the practical lessons of life in the great volume of nature, as unfolded to him by daily intercourse, in the cabin of the settler, the hunter’s lodge, the council chamber, and in social meetings with the free-spirited pioneers of the West.” The Northwestern Territory then embraced the whole of our territory lying northwest of the river Ohio. Such confidence did the people of that Territory place in his talents and fidelity, that they elected him, the following year, their first Delegate to the Congress of the United States. In this new and important relation, he acquired additional honor. Associated with him in the councils of the nation, were some of our most distinguished statesmen and eloquent debaters. To be a member of Congress, at that time, was an enviable distinction;

* Vide “Outlines of the Life of Harrison,” by Hon. Caleb Cushing.

for our halls of legislation had not then been disgraced by those offensive personalities and those scenes of disorder which have since caused the considerate men of all parties to blush and to tremble for their country. Although only about twenty-six years of age, Mr. Harrison, by his broad and comprehensive views of public policy, and, by his familiarity with the practical details of legislation, commanded the respect of the more experienced men around him. He signalized his career in Congress, as a Delegate, by the change, which he proposed and materially contributed to effect, in the then existing mode of disposing of the public lands. They had heretofore been sold in large tracts, the smallest of which included at least four thousand acres. This system, found to be exclusive in its operation, and unfavorable to the growth of the West, was so modified by the bill which he reported, and which subsequently became a law, that the tracts of public land were required to be offered for sale in a very reduced size. Thus were they placed within the pecuniary ability of actual settlers. The principle involved in this important measure has, by subsequent acts of Congress, been extended. And its justice and wisdom have been signally vindicated by the marvellous changes which increasing population and wealth have wrought throughout the immense valley of the Mississippi.

In the year 1800, the Northwestern Territory was divided, and a separate territory of almost boundless extent was established, under the name of Indiana. Mr. Harrison having resigned his seat

in Congress, was appointed Governor of this new territory, being first appointed by Mr. Adams, and, afterwards, by Mr. Jefferson. He was intrusted with civil powers so extensive, and so unrestrained by the usual checks, that nothing but the necessities of the case, and the high personal character of the Governor, could justify this wide practical departure from the cautious theories of a republican government. Well, however, did he repay the confidence thus reposed in his integrity, talents, moderation, and courage. For thirteen years, he discharged, with unquestioned ability, the duties of his elevated and difficult office. The peculiar conditions under which he was placed, subjected his moral and intellectual character to a severe practical test. He ruled over a thinly-scattered population, in the bosom of a wilderness, and surrounded by a ferocious and treacherous foe, thirsting to renew the work of slaughter and of vengeance. He was charged with a mass of grave, complicated, and almost irresponsible powers, which operated on the various interests of a people in the forming stages of social organization. It was his concern to see that the Indian did not pillage and murder the borderer; and that the borderer did not provoke and defraud the Indian. It was, moreover, his concern to exercise a substantial control over titles to large tracts of the public land lying within his civil jurisdiction. For some time, he was, in effect, the lawgiver of the people of the Northwest, and most exemplary was he in the discharge of his numerous delicate trusts. The records of his multifarious transactions with

the Indians, in peace and in war, cannot be read without exalting the public estimate of his practical wisdom in the conduct of affairs—without a stronger conviction of his military skill, and of the humanity which beautifully tempered his valor. “It is not,” says Fisher Ames, “in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated; but in them they are formed.” The experience of Harrison illustrates this remark, and verifies its philosophic truth. From boyhood till the close of his military career, he was familiar with the warfare of the Indian. No stranger was he to “the suddenness of his onset, or the craft of his ambushes, or the ferocity of his vengeance.” The discipline of difficulty and of danger was not lost upon him. His whole life was marked, and strongly marked, by those characteristics, which are developed, in great vigor, only by emergent occasions, by intricate combinations of circumstance, by strange and varied experiences of peril and of toil.

While administering the government of Indiana, he was again compelled to resort to arms, in defence of his extended frontier against the attacks of the Indians. In the year 1805, was formed, as it is believed, under the influence of foreign emissaries, a most formidable combination of all the Northwestern tribes of Indians, with the design, by a sudden and simultaneous onset, to destroy all the whites, or drive them from the valley of the Mississippi. Of this design, Governor Harrison was fully apprised, but, by the exercise of a wise policy, he was enabled, for several years, to prevent any serious attempt to execute it.

In the year 1811, the inhabitants of our western frontier were again involved in an Indian war. "The warwhoop again awakened the sleep of the cradle, and the darkness of midnight glittered with the blaze of their dwellings." At the head of all the forces which he could muster, Governor Harrison marched, with caution, through an uncultivated and exposed region, to Tippecanoe—that name, once how exhilarating! But ah, the carols are all ended! On that spot, was waged one of the most fearful strifes in the annals of Indian warfare. The forces were nearly equal; every man shared the dangers of the battle. The Indians fought, hand to hand, and with desperate bravery. Night lent her horrors to the scene. In the midst of all this wild and impetuous conflict, and exposed to imminent personal hazard, Harrison continued to put forth his calm might, and to raise his animating voice. At length, the day dawned, when, by a decisive movement, the strife was ended. Victory perched upon the banners of our army. The border settlements were rescued from the appalling calamities which threatened to overwhelm them.

After the declaration of war with England, in the year 1812, the military talents of Harrison were again put in requisition. The inhabitants of the frontiers looked to him, instinctively, for protection, as the man of the crisis; and they looked not in vain. President Madison, responding to the universal sentiment, not to say the acclamations of the people of the West, appointed him commander-in-chief of the Northwestern army. He was invested with powers the most extensive, and

was left to exercise them, according to his best judgment. In discharging the high trusts committed to him, he did not fail to justify the confidence with which President Madison had honored him. Obstacles and impediments clustered in his path, and retarded his progress, but his spirit never faltered. His energy, firmness, and courage, were again triumphant. He accomplished all the objects prescribed to him, and, within one short year from the time he commenced his campaign, he gloriously terminated it, by the victory of the Thames—"a victory which," said Langdon Cheves on the floor of Congress, "was such as would have secured to a Roman general, in the best days of the republic, the honors of a triumph!"

Unwilling, fellow-citizens, to detain you upon topics which, by some, may be thought uncongenial to this season of devout humiliation and funeral solemnity, I have sought to avoid all reference to military details; and, in my rapid glance at what General Harrison dared and did, I have passed by many trials of character, not borne in vain, and scenes of martial triumph which the Muse of History will transmit to future times. I have not recalled to your memory his brilliant defence of Fort Meigs, so memorable in the history of the late war, nor his wise forecast in causing a fleet to be built and equipped, in order to obtain command of Lake Erie. Quite unnecessary have I deemed it to remind you of his association, in danger and in fame, with our own Perry, who, with all the laurels which he had won upon the Lake, yet

green upon his brow, fought, as a volunteer, in the battle of the 'Thames, by the side of Harrison.

Moved, as it is thought, by some private grief, the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, in the plan of the ensuing campaign, saw fit to assign to General Harrison a comparatively unimportant command, and to intrust to others the post of duty and of danger. Justly indignant at such treatment, and too disinterested to enjoy his elevated rank and the emoluments which it conferred, without rendering an equivalent service, he resigned his commission in the army. In the absence of the President from the seat of government, the Secretary of War hastily assumed the right to accept General Harrison's resignation. Thus, in the subsequent campaigns, the country was deprived of the abilities of him "who," in the words of the gallant Colonel Johnson, "was, during the late war, longer in active service than any other general officer; was perhaps oftener in action than any of them, and never sustained a defeat."

General Harrison returned to the walks of private life, with a name, not only unsullied, but bright with honor. President Madison, in appointing him, soon after his resignation, to conduct, in connexion with other distinguished men, important negotiations with several of the Indian tribes, gave him a renewed proof of that confidence which had, it is believed, at no time, been either suspended or withdrawn. Yet more conspicuous honors awaited him. In 1816, he was elected a Representative in Congress from the State of

Ohio; and, in 1824, having been, in the meantime, a member of the Ohio Senate, he was elected a Senator in Congress from that State. General Harrison had, for so many years, been conversant with the principles and details of civil administration; so familiar was he with the various interests of the West; so interested in all that related to the effective organization of the army, that he soon became a prominent member of that body, which then, as it is now, was composed of some of the ablest men in the country. He was, as would appear from his cursory debates and his more formal speeches in Congress, a ready, animated, and efficient debater, full of resources, and apt in applying them to the subject under discussion. In the debates of the Senate he frequently participated, and he helped, in no humble measure, to shape the character of several important acts of general legislation.

The last civil function which General Harrison performed, prior to his election to the Presidency, was a diplomatic function. In 1828, President Adams appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. Without delay, he repaired to the scene of his mission. Such, however, was the state of the new republic, and so speedily was he recalled, in consequence of a change of parties at home, that he was unable to accomplish any important object. His celebrated letter to Bolivar, the Dictator of Colombia, must be familiar to the minds of all who hear me. I advert to it now, not so much for the purpose of commending its

generous republican sentiments, as for the purpose of directing your attention to the following noble passage : " To be esteemed eminently great, it is necessary to be eminently good. The qualities of the hero and the general must be devoted to the advantage of mankind, before he will be permitted to assume the title of their benefactor ; and the station which he will hold in their regard and affections will depend, not upon the number and splendor of his victories, but upon the results and the use he may make of the influence he acquires from them." Here is embodied the grand moral of Harrison's life, the true secret of his fame, the only imperishable element of all real greatness !

I have invited you, my fellow-citizens, to a survey of a large portion of the active life of General Harrison. You have followed him from his youth to his mature age. You have beheld him, at one time, discharging grave and most difficult civil trusts ; at another, fighting the battles of his country, and, by his victories, recovering her lost territory, and retrieving her lost honor. You have beheld him, amid primeval forests, contending with the elements, and protecting the remotest dweller beyond the mountains from savage ferocity. You have seen him, in legislative halls, lending his ripened wisdom to the public counsels ; and you have seen him, last of all, the apostle of republican principles at the court of a Dictator ! And, amid all this variety of conditions, have you not found him, in purpose, in principle, in character, always the same ; always just, always firm ; his

head always quick to discern the wise expedient ; his " heart expanded, and always in the right place " ? *

And now, fellow-citizens, follow this veteran worthy, rich in naught but honor, into his retirement on the banks of the beautiful Ohio. See how life passes with him, under this new condition. Is he not the same man still ? Though not born for seclusion, is he impatient of seclusion ? Does he sigh for the camp, or the senate-house, or the court ? Does the crowded drama, in which he has been a chief actor, pass in shadowy review before him, to mock dejected hopes, and to exasperate the sense of disappointment to a pang ? Do you need to be told that William Henry Harrison was too rich in the materials of intellectual and moral happiness, to waste an hour in dreams, or to suffer a drop of bitterness to reach the fountains of his spirit ? He lived at North Bend, as he had lived every where else, to good purpose, like a true man and a true gentleman ; enjoying homebred affections ; like some of the best worthies of ancient days, cultivating his acres, without forgetting his country or neglecting his heart ; given to a generous hospitality ; and, when graver duties did not forbid, regaling his intellect and taste by the study of elegant letters. Such was William Henry Harrison at his homestead on the banks of the Ohio. How does that dwelling mourn that the light of his presence has vanished for ever ! Henceforth, it

* Governor Metcalf, of Kentucky.

will become, in some sort, a consecrated spot, and the traveller, as he approaches it, will strain his eyes to catch a glimpse of the mansion where passed, in honor and in quiet, some of the happiest years of the patriot statesman, now translated to a house not made with hands.

Of subsequent events in his history, I can presume no one to be ignorant. The voice of the people summoned him from a retirement which he had supposed was to continue for the residue of his life, to fill the office of President of these United States. His journey from Ohio to Washington will not soon be forgotten. Without the pomp of a triumph, it had more than the honors of a triumph. At the wayside and at the place of concourse—in city or in hamlet—on mountain or in valley, the people, without distinction of age, sex, color, or condition, pressed upon him, with their hearts in their hands, to bid him welcome. Arrived at the seat of government, like a true son of Virginia, he yearned to revisit, once more, his native land. The thought of other years, of ties now broken, but well remembered still, came thronging around him; and, before he entered upon the duties of office, he yielded to his affectionate instincts, and went to see Virginia. He went to look, once more, at the old family mansion, to survey its ancestral halls, to sit, again, under the shade of those patrimonial trees, beneath which he had frolicked in boyhood—to live over again, in memory, the days when his father was alive, and his children were about him—and, yet more, to fill his spirit with most gracious influen-

ces, by recollections of that mother who was wont to pray for him, and who taught him how to pray ! In that mother's chamber, where he was born, and where he had often kneeled beside her, while she earnestly implored the rich blessings of Heaven on his future life, he penned that remarkable passage in his inaugural address, in which he expresses his profound reverence for the Christian religion. How beautiful the picture here presented to our view ! The child of many prayers has become a gray-haired statesman, and is about to be clothed with the selectest honor which a nation can confer. With thoughts saddened by anticipations of the cares and responsibilities of office, he turns to the image of his sainted mother, and on that spot from which her voice of supplication had gone up to the mercy seat for him, he bears his testimony to the value of that religion which was her hope in death, and which, it is not too much to say, was his !

The scenes at which I have asked you to look, must undergo another, and yet another change. Next comes the Inauguration. A pageant more brilliant and captivating, has, in this country, seldom been seen. The metropolis was thronged with multitudes from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South. As the procession, with bannered pomp, and glittering array, and spirit-stirring music, passed along the streets and avenues of Washington, the man of the people was the observed of all observers. On every side, was heard the voice of welcome, and every face was lighted with the smile of joy. He took the oath

of office, and delivered his address in the presence of nearly forty thousand of his countrymen. After listening, with profound attention, to what proved to be his parting counsels, they rent the air with their acclamations !

In one month, one little month, ah ! what a change ! Hushed all at once are the jubilant echoes, and fled the joyous smiles. The wail of anguish is heard from the bed of sickness, doomed, too soon, to become the bed of death. Throughout our land, intense was the anxiety which his danger awakened, and genuine the sorrow felt by the men of all parties, when it was known that he had ceased to live. Well might we all grieve for one, who had ever been true to us—for one whose thoughts were upon us and his country, even when the dews of death gathered upon his forehead. These scenes of touching pathos which I have sketched, but have not aimed to paint, are well nigh over. What solemn beauty, what almost incommunicable sadness in that last pageant, with which the nation sought to assuage its own sorrow, and to honor the illustrious dead ! What a change had come over that dwelling, in one short month ! There he lay, in that dread repose which no man may break, and upon the very spot which had hardly parted with the echoes of congratulation and of triumph. No voice now was heard, but the voice of him who, in the name of his Lord, spoke of the Resurrection and the Life. “The awful fathers of the State” were there—the titled representatives of kings were there—political chieftains, once his foemen, were there—warriors.

young and old, were there, to look, for the last time, upon a warrior's face ! Slowly and solemnly, they bore him to his grave—through those same paths which he so lately trod, full of health, and hope, and joy. Not a sound is heard, but the knell of death—the muffled drum, the hearse-like airs which float upon the breeze, like airs from another world. With reverent hands, they commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ! And is this all of William Henry Harrison ! No ! Faith triumphs over the grave. They look for the general resurrection in the last day, when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality !

My fellow-citizens, how impressive are the scenes which I have contrasted. In presenting them afresh to your minds, I have dealt in no arts of poetical exaggeration. Can they be looked upon without emotion ? It is not, however, for the purpose of indulging an indolent and luxurious sorrow that we have come hither, to-day. We have come together to pay a tribute of veneration to the character of a great and good man ; to contemplate that character, in some of the various lights in which it was reflected ; and to gird ourselves for a yet sterner conflict with the principle of evil within and around us.

I stand not here to lavish extravagant praise upon the departed President. He was a man, and, therefore, was not without the frailties of a man. I place him on no height of inaccessible

virtue. I bespeak for him no idolatrous homage. To some exhibitions of his character, I have already adverted. Before, however, I quit the task with which you have honored me, let me speak to you, somewhat more fully, of his substantial claims upon your respect and grateful remembrance.

President Harrison belonged to the order of efficient and well-balanced minds. Subjected to numerous and decisive tests, in peace and in war, his intellectual powers were always found to be equal, and more than equal, to the crisis. They were distinguished, not less for their amplitude than their harmony. They were prone to no excess, they exhibited no disproportion, they delighted in no eccentricity. Abstractions never bewildered them; the splendid and fanciful combinations of genius never seduced them from their sphere. The best part of every man's education is the discipline of life—the demands which practical occasions make upon the mind—the difficulties which sharpen its penetration—the labors which task its strength—the extended relations which enlarge its comprehension. To this sort of intellectual training, he was early accustomed; and the freedom, and directness, and vigor with which he put forth his mind, under every variety of circumstance, was of such training the natural result. He studied, however, not only men, but books, and books he studied, that he might better understand men. Without pretensions to erudition, he had stored his mind with a rich fund of general knowledge, and he had superadded the

finish of no inelegant scholarship. The productions of his pen would fill a volume. While they do honor to his powers as a thinker, they exhibit him as a ready, clear, and polished writer. I am admonished, however, to leave this region of frigid analysis, to dwell on themes of gentler and more solemn interest—to speak to you of the man, and of the spirit which moved the man, in the various and commanding relations which he was called to sustain; of those moral endowments for which he was so eminent; and which, now that he is no more, we most love to contemplate.

As a statesman, William Henry Harrison stood upon well-defined principles, and to these principles he adhered with unswerving honor. This was the main cause of his popularity—a popularity unequalled by that of any other man, since the days of Washington. His popularity was not that which is run after—"that weed of the dunghill, which, when rankest, is nearest to withering."* It was founded on intrinsic merit and good service. The people trusted him and favored him, not so much because they thought him to be great, as because they knew him to be honest. They saw that, in the discharge of his public duties, he was not only just, but humane and disinterested—not only firm, but conciliating and forbearing. Few men have enjoyed more abundant opportunities of enriching themselves, and yet he died comparatively poor. He died poor, because he abhorred the degradation of acquiring wealth by equivocal

* Fisher Ames.

means ; and because, as a public man, he would use no means to benefit his fortunes, which would expose him even to the suspicion of dishonor. How would the records of this good man's life shame these days of lax private and social morality, when a pure name is no longer preferred to riches ; when the most sacred trusts are abused ; when the obligations of law, and honor, and conscience are violated, not only without scruple, but without punishment !

As a military man, he was remarkable for the excellent discipline which, without the exercise of severity, he was able to maintain. This is no small praise ; for he had to deal with somewhat refractory materials ; with Indians hard to be reconciled to the usages of civilized warfare ; with regular troops not yet estranged from irregular habits ; with militia, impatient to return to their homes, and jealous of all restraints upon their freedom. It was by generous moral influences, that he moulded these discordant materials to his purposes. He never forgot that his troops were men, and that some of them were his fellow-citizens. He governed them with ease, because, to use his own language, " he treated them with kindness and affection ; and shared with them, on every occasion, the hardships which they were obliged to undergo."

The uncounterfeited sadness with which the tidings of President Harrison's death were received throughout the country, inspires confidence in the moral sensibilities of the country. Thank

God ! there yet remain to us some spots of verdure, amid the arid waste which antagonist parties have created—some cheering tokens that even in our strifes we have not forgotten that we are men, and brethren, and Christians ! It indicates a yet higher form of the moral character, that this people, turning away from the civil and military distinctions of Harrison, seek to contemplate the beauty of his daily life. And yet more, it marks the universality of the religious sentiment, and it speaks well for the Christian character of our country, that his chastened and humble piety is among the most precious recollections of those who now mourn and honor him. Happily on this topic, which commends itself with such interest to every man who values himself on the dignity of a thinking being, we are left to something better than a trembling hope. Since his death, the public mind has, on more than one occasion, been attracted to ample evidence that his piety was no formal and decorous piety—that his faith was no speculative faith—that his good deeds were performed in dependence upon a strength not his own. Most exemplary was his reverence for that Book, which, in the comprehensive language of John Locke, “has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter.” With no austere precision, but with conscientious gravity, did he observe that sacred day which is the great bulwark of Christianity in all lands, and which this people are more especially concerned to save from desecration. And yet more, he felt himself to be a sinner in the sight of God, and he

prostrated himself, in devout humility, before the Saviour of sinners. To that Saviour he had given his heart, and to that Saviour he had resolved, without delay, publicly to confess his allegiance. A no less interesting proof of the temper of his soul may here be added. In a letter to her who was, for so many years, the depositary of his affectionate and unreserved confidence, he revealed the interesting fact that, after returning from the ceremonies of the inauguration, he retired to his chamber, as soon as he could find time, and there fell upon his knees to thank his Maker for all his mercies, and to supplicate his gracious guidance in the faithful discharge of the duties which, as the occupant of a high station, he owed to him and to his country. Is there in an incident like this no power to reach the heart? A Christian statesman, oppressed by the solitariness of grandeur, seeks communion with his God! A Christian statesman, anticipating that trials may perplex and darken his course, goes, for light and for comfort, to the source of eternal illumination and repose!

My fellow-citizens, the man for whom we are now in heaviness, and whose fame we are about to commit to the judgment of history, assured that from the judgment of history he has nothing to fear, has expressed, as in the presence of this whole people, his profound reverence for the Christian religion, and his thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected

with all true and lasting happiness. In the proud days of Gentile philosophy, a famous historian stigmatized Christianity, in accommodation to the prevailing sentiment, as “a pernicious superstition.” Not two thousand years have passed away, and what a change in the moral condition of society hath been wrought ! Christianity has become the religion of every portion of the earth redeemed from barbarism—the parent of a new and higher form of civilization—elevating, every where, the masses, and, through the agency of the masses, pervading the character of all existing institutions. This great principle of social progress is destined to achieve yet nobler triumphs—to diffuse, through all civilized lands, yet sublimer conceptions of truth and of duty—to endow with moral life the races which for ages have slumbered in darkness. In this country, more especially, is Christianity to be prized as an essential element of strength, and happiness, and safety. We need the hopes which it inspires ; but, most of all, do we need the motives which it implants, and the restraints which it provides. Here, all power resides exclusively in the people ; and our government supposes that the most efficient checks, the only genuine conservative influences, are the good sense of a cultivated, moral, and religious people. Let us, then, be true to ourselves. Let us take good heed that our liberty does not degenerate into license ; that our passions do not drown the voice of our reason ; that impracticable theories do not mislead us ; that inordinate vanity and reckless self-confidence do not betray us to our ruin.

In elections to office, let us turn away from the demagogues who meanly seek our confidence, to the men who best deserve it; to the men who are too honest to flatter us, and too patriotic not to prefer our interests to our favor. Above all, let us remember that, unless the spirit of the people be right, legal codes are nothing—protective charters are nothing—constitutions, whether written or unwritten, are nothing—and that our popular institutions cannot be upheld, without impressing on the popular mind a conviction of the indissoluble union between RELIGION, LIBERTY, and LAW.





